

LOCAL NEWS

MORRISVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cheney returned from their New York trip last Wednesday evening.

F. L. Stewart was unable to attend to his wood business the past week because of illness.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. White and son and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Badger made an auto trip to Barre Sunday.

Homer C. Smith has sold for J. H. Warren the latter's residence on Union street, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Royston, to Wesley Spencer. The writings were made last week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Waterman have sold their handsome residence on Clark street to George A. Morse, the writings having been drawn the latter part of last week. The house will be occupied by George G. Morse and family and possession will be given about May 1.

Glenn A. Wilkins, State Agent of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, has recently paid the following death claims: F. W. Morse, coal dealer, Montpelier, \$2,000; E. M. Roscoe, Superintendent of Schools, Barre, \$1,000; also, endowment matured to Dr. F. W. Phelps, Vergennes, for \$1,000. During the first four months of this year the paid for new business of Mr. Wilkins' agency was \$138,895, the largest amount of business written in the same length of time, in his agency. Mr. Wilkins left Monday for New York City to attend the annual meeting of the General Agents' Association of the Company, which is being held at Hotel Biltmore today, continuing over tomorrow.

Lamoille Commandery

At the annual convocation of Lamoille Commandery, held last Thursday evening, these officers were elected:—L. M. Munson, E. C.; J. C. Morgan, Gen'l'mo; D. McNaughton, O. G.; A. W. Adams, S. W.; L. H. Lewis, J. W.; J. M. Kelley, P.; H. Waite, T.; C. H. Kaymore, Rec.; A. R. Campbell, Stan. B.; E. E. Schutt, S. B.; H. C. McMahon, W.; M. B. White, C. 1. G.; W. F. Benson, C. 2. G.; N. G. Wood, C. 3. G.; W. H. Towne, S. The Knights of Malta degree was conferred upon a candidate, after which a buffet lunch was held at Sulham's cafe. Installation of officers at next regular meeting.

Children Score Success

There was a large attendance at the Universalist church last Friday evening, to listen to the operetta, "Over the Rainbow," given by the Sunday School children of that church. The presentation of the piece, which was one of the most pleasing musical entertainments given in Morrisville in a long time, was under the personal direction of Miss Marjorie Gates, to whose ability and untiring efforts much credit is due. The stage was very prettily trimmed with crepe paper, in all the colors of the rainbow and the part of the Rainbow Queen was taken by Miss Nora Greene in a most pleasing manner. The music was cheerful and catchy and rendered in a manner which showed much training and hard work on the parts of both the children and teachers. Following is the program:—

Tinkle, Tinkle, Tinkle, Soloist, Rebecca Briggs, with chorus by Barbara Small, Doris Graves, Elizabeth Barrows.

A Rainy Day, Solo by Doris Graves. The Rainbow Waltz, Queen and the Fairies.

I Am Queen of the Rainbow Land, Nora Greene, soloist, with chorus by assistants.

In Rainbow Land, by Moonbeams and Sunbeams.

All Hail to the Rainbow Queen, by Moonbeams, Sunbeams and Maids of Honor.

Moonbeams and Sunbeams, soloists, Marion Benson and Ida Wells, assisted by chorus.

Four Winds, By four girls. When All the World Has Gone to Sleep, soloist, Marion Thornton, assisted by Dancers.

Song, Flower Artists, We're a Band of Artists Gay, soloist, Wilma Gill, assisted by chorus.

March of the Fireflies, The Fireflies, soloists, Eben Barrows and Linwood Emmons, assisted by other Fireflies.

Fairyland, Full Chorus. Closing Chorus, Queen and Children.

Cast of Characters: Queen, Nora Greene. Sisters, Barbara Small, Doris Graves, Rebecca Briggs, Elizabeth Barrows.

Maids of Honor, Doris Stone, Doris Barrows, Blanche Comstock, Beatrice Morrill.

Heralds, Robert Briggs, Philip King. Moonbeams, Ida Wells, Elsie Oviatt, Leona Smith.

Sunbeams, Marion Benson, Madge Merritt, Gladys O'Neil.

Dew-drops, Ruth Cranmer, Katherine Emmons, Marion Thornton, Marion Goodrich, Barbara Wilkins.

Flower Artists, Charlotte Slayton, Wilma Gill, Corinne Adams, Dorothy Waite, Amy Sparks, Dolly Magoon.

Fireflies, Linwood Emmons, Eben Barrows, Wallace Peck, William Lilley, Henry Stone.

Four Winds, Elizabeth Boyce, Lucille Morrill, Catherine Russell, Anna Bassett.

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Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the Old Reliable Spring Tonic.

Don't let the idea that you may feel better in a day or two prevent you from getting a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla today from any drug store and starting at once on the road to health and strength.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest known blood tonic. It will build you up quicker than any other medicine. It gives strength to do and power to endure. It is the old standard tried and true all-the-year-round blood purifier and enricher, tonic and appetizer. Nothing else acts like it, for nothing else has the same formula or ingredients. Be sure to ask for Hood's, get it today, and begin taking it at once.

BETTY AT THE FAIR

Letters of the Panama-Pacific Exposition by Florence Livingston

LETTER II

SAN FRANCISCO, —

Dear Father:—

Where do you think paradise is? The other day I did better than Milton, for I found it without having lost it. It was a long, bright room, filled with masses of blossoms and rich with their perfume. Down both sides were tables covered with cut flowers, and soft groups were arranged on the floor like gorgeous rugs. Daddy, did your gray eyes ever see a fawn-colored tulip, or a single white hyacinth flower two inches and a half across, or a cluster of rhododendrons like purple chiffon with jeweled stamens? Did you ever see a group of azaleas in all the mellow tones of autumn leaves?

I shan't try to describe that room, and you couldn't stretch your imagination to picture its munificence. Alice and I walked up and down the aisles, drinking in the beauty and sweetness of roses and hyacinths, of Easter lilies and fruit blossoms, of tulips and daffodils, of ranunculus and anemones, of spirea and lilies of the valley.

"I am going to live and die right here," I declared, as we stopped in one corner of the room and looked back.

"You can't," laughed Alice. "This isn't to last but two days."

"Then at least I'll have two days of it," I persisted.

"Move, madam," said a disgusted voice behind me. "You are standing on the display."

How little a thing it takes to bring one down from the clouds! Alice and I moved out through the nearest door and turned our attention to practical matters. The first was an apple sizer. Father, can you take your mind out of insurance policies long enough to think what an apple sizer is? Or did one ever come into your experience? Anyhow, let me tell you that it's very clever. Its chief feature is a long row of canvas pockets. A swarm of unsuspecting apples are let loose in another part of the machine, and in turn roll into a small cup at the end of an arm, which works automatically with an even throw toward the pockets.

After this scientific explanation, you can see yourself what happens. The throw is retarded in varying degrees according to the weight of the apple, and each one lands in the pocket occupied by his equals, and of course the largest ones get the front seats in the first pocket. This machine is used for apples, pears and like fruits, in which there is a constant relation between size and weight, but it won't do at all for oranges. It seems that the orange is a deceitful flower, who cares absolutely nothing for ounces and pounds. Sometimes he likes to build a big yellow globe around a small amount of juice, and sometimes it pleases him to enclose a heavy weight of fruit in a much smaller case than you would expect.

The orange is managed by its diameter. We went to another booth and watched it being done. A slow-going hoist lifts a box of assorted oranges and empties it gently into a canvas slide. One man sorts the fruit according to quality, sending part of it into a bin, and the rest on its route to be boxed. A second man receives the selected oranges and places each one on a rubber ring that looks like an air cushion. These rings are regularly spaced on a narrow treadmill.

Then a curious thing happens. While the oranges are marching along in single file like soldiers, they receive the solemn brand of quality. A small machine at the side reaches out two horns, each one containing a seal, and stamps the oranges, two at a time. Then they are turned into an avenue bounded on one side by a rope and on the other by a succession of wooden rollers, each a quarter of an inch farther from the rope than its predecessor. The smallest oranges drop down at once and roll into the first bin, but the large ones ride merrily along until the opening grows wide enough to let them through. I understand that there are other methods of grading, but this is the only one I have seen in operation.

When we got out into the sun, we found it rather hot. The avenues were bright with throngs in summer attire; the men in light suits and straw hats; the women in thin gowns with lace and

chiffon sleeves. It was like the day of the Vanderbilt cup race. By the way, I don't think I have told you about that. I really saw it, although it was a mere chance. What did I care about the Vanderbilt cup, or which one of thirty tired, begoggled men got the keeping of it for a year? Nothing at all, and it was my plan to bury myself in the group of exhibit palaces enclosed by the track.

I had had to take Joe Mason with me, because in spite of all my efforts I had not been able to find out where the little waltz belonged. It was a beautiful afternoon and there were crowds of people—more than 100,000, in fact—filling the grand stands, pressing against the double guard ropes, a clustering in all the adjacent courts. A polite soldier informed us that we were too late to cross the avenue. There was thus no way of reaching the palaces except by the huge wooden bridge that had been erected over the course.

"We must hurry, Joe," I cautioned. Hand in hand, we were rushing down the corridor of the Horticulture Palace, dodging some people and running into others when we stopped on a common impulse.

It had begun! The most thrilling part of it comes before there is anything for the eye to see, because the car is receiving the whole impression. There was a mighty roar in the distance, growing louder and bringing with it an uncanny reverberation of the earth as well as the air, and then three cars burst into sight, one after another, whizzing over the asphalt with a thunder that struck the sides of the buildings and bounded back to add to the next trio. Father, a racing car looks like a big dumbbell made of colored fur—a blurry ball where the car is, a blurry ball where the car was, and a narrow, confused blur in between. Perhaps this is because the retina cannot get all the impressions. By the time it has taken two, the car has passed.

The first burst of speed, while automobiles were well spaced, was tremendous—eighty miles an hour or more. Sometimes we couldn't see the numbers. I kept telling myself that it was foolish and absurd that thirty-two men should throw themselves in the face of death just to see which one could cover three hundred miles first and that thousands and thousands of people should stand and sit around to see them do it, but at the same time I was thrilled and fascinated, rooted to the spot, wildly excited when any one car passed another, although I didn't know the occupants of either.

Dragging Joe away was like pulling a fly out of molasses, but it was accomplished. We crossed the bridge over the flying racers and entered the cool depths of the Palace of Education. But immediately we discovered a door on the opposite side, and in less time than you can think, Joe and I were in the Court of Palms, watching the race again. At intervals I took my reluctant charge into the various buildings, but always that distant, mysterious boom of onrushing automobiles drew us back into the open. We made the circuit of all the courts, and late in the afternoon took up our station on the Esplanade. By that time the excitement was intense.

"Here comes Barney," cried somebody, and a suppressed cheer rippled down the line.

I didn't know Barney Oldfield from Chauncey Olcott, but I cheered with the rest of them, because its the losing fellow who needs encouragement. Even then, barring accidents, the winner was evident.

"Sure he'll get it," drawled a man behind me. "He could stop for another dish of spaghetti" and then have time to beat the bunch."

You see the winner's family tree did not take root in American soil, but the applause that greeted him as he rode down the Avenue of Palms after the victory showed that he has a warm place in everyone's regard.

(Concluded next week.)

THIS WOMAN WAS VERY UNHAPPY

Physically and Mentally Worn Out—Tells How Nervous and Crying Spells Were Ended by Vinol.

Monmouth, Ill.:—"I was weak, worn-out and nervous. I had no appetite and was getting so thin and discouraged, one day I just broke down and cried when a friend came in and asked me what was the matter. I told of my condition and how nothing I took seemed to do me any good. Vinol was suggested. I got a bottle and before it was half gone I could eat and sleep well. I continued its use and now my friends say I look ten years younger, and I am well, healthy and strong. I wish I could induce every tired-out, worn-out, nervous woman to take Vinol."—Mrs. HARRIET GALE, Monmouth, Ill.

There are many over-worked, tired-out careworn, nervous women in this vicinity who need the strengthening, tissue building, and vitalizing effects of Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, and so sure are we that it will build them up and make them strong that we offer to return their money if it fails to benefit.

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For croup or sore throat, use Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil. Two sizes, 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.—adv.

BATTLES OF LIFE

Struggles for the Right That Demand Highest Character and Courage.

Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, speaking of the social revolution which he believed was impending, said: "If the doctrines of Christianity could be applied to human society, I believe that the social problem could be got at."

There is no doubt that he was right. The early disciples were accused of preaching a doctrine which was "turning the world upside down." Wherever Christianity has been fearlessly and consistently applied, it has resulted in a revolution.

Preachers and laymen have sometimes made the mistake of supposing that the direct and immediate outcome of Christianity must always be peace. But Jesus also said: "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." There's a lot of fighting to be done—in the name of Christianity. Sometimes peace is more quickly secured through a straight-out fight than through a quiet and unresisting acceptance of evil. And there is evil in the world, some very eminent and cultured people to the contrary notwithstanding.

If Christianity is the red-blooded thing that we say it is, then those who profess to accept its philosophy and doctrine will stand up to meet the situation by which it is confronted.

War is always to be deplored, but sometimes war is necessary. It is inconceivable that a real man will stand mildly by and see his children slaughtered, even though he is certain that he will be defeated in the struggle. Wars are bound to come, but there's a "woe" for those "through whom these offenses come."

World's Real Battles. But we are not discussing, just now, wars between nations. There are other occasions that require red-bloodedness and courage, and they are worthier of human sacrifice than are most of the wars between the races of men.

The advocates of war defend their position by saying that if all strife between nations were to cease it would result in a weak, cowardly people. They insist that the hardships of war and the fighting develop strong men of courage and character. But such slaughter of our fellowmen also develops the coarsest and most brutal instincts.

There are other battles to be fought which develop finer character and more courage than can possibly be the result of the wanton slaughter of men, women and children. These battles have to do with the giving of life, rather than death.

The fighting of these battles demands a clean-cut manhood and womanhood, a bravery which is rarely found on the battlefield of slaughter. The soldier who goes to war is cheered by excited crowds, and when he returns he receives an ovation that stirs the blood. And this is well. I would not detract for a single moment from the honor accorded the man who is ready to give his life for his country, whether his country is right or wrong. But here is a man who is fighting for the lives of little children in industrial life, for sanitary conditions in factory and tenement, for clean government in our municipalities. What is his reward? Usually sneers and sarcasm, often defamation of character, always bitterness and persecution.

Where True Courage Is Required.

It requires more real grit to stand up under such a fire, year after year, than it does to face the bullets of the opposing army. There isn't much cheering on such a job. Often it means social ostracism. Soon you will become known as a "crank." Those who formerly were your friends will turn to you a cold shoulder. There will be a temptation on your part to become bitter in turn. Here is the social worker's peril. He may unintentionally turn away many who might otherwise be retained as friends.

It is in such a battle that one needs all the grace that comes through the possession of the spirit of Jesus. When he was reviled, he reviled not again. He fought his enemies in a straightforward fashion, but never with bitterness. He sometimes used force, as when he drove the money-changers from the temple, these men who were making of the temple "a den of thieves;" but Jesus, even when highly indignant, was never bitter.

He won through courage. He attracted through personality. His slogan was life more abundant. He so thoroughly believed in his great task that he was ready to surrender his life to accomplish it. All this was not easy. It is likely that the agony in the garden of Gethsemane when he sweat great drops of blood was harder to bear than the spear-thrust and the driven nails.

And every worker for the people has his garden of Gethsemane—the hours that he spends alone, fighting for his very life. These are the times that try the soul more severely than the final crucifixion.

God's Gift of Work.

It is a fine thing that God makes work his gift and not money and not fame, nor this thing nor that thing, but just living work, and that every day he gives to each of us a work for that day and offers to us the joy of conceiving it as a personal partnership with himself.—R. E. Speer.

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Morrisville

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